

CATARRH

K'hawking and Spitting, Dropping
Into the Throat, Foul Breath,
CURED
THROUGH THE BLOOD

By Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.)
TO PROVE IT, SAMPLE SENT FREE.

Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) has cures to stay
cured more cases of Catarrh than all other remedies
combined. B. B. B. kills or destroys the awful catarrhal
poison in the blood which causes the symptoms, and
thus makes a perfect lasting cure of the worst cases.

SYMPTOMS.
The poison in the blood produces bad, offensive, fetid
breath, bad teeth, and sickness of the stomach; in some
cases vomiting up clear phlegm; enlargement of the
soft bones of the nose, affecting sense of smell; ulcerations
of the mucous membranes, hawking, spitting up
lumps, weak stomach, nose bleeding, headaches, sneezing
while asleep, stopping up of the nose; thin, hot
blood, all run down, specks flying before the eyes, low
spirited, etc. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) forces its
way through every blood vessel and vein, expelling
all catarrhal poison that stands in its way, per-
manently removes every symptom and thus makes
a perfect cure. B. B. B. sends a flood of rich,
pure blood direct to the affected parts, giving
warmth and strength just where it is needed.

Deafness, Ringing in the Ears, Head Noises.
Nearly all cases of Deafness are caused by Catarrhal
Poison in the blood. The air passages become
clogged by catarrhal deposits stopping the action of
the vibratory bones. Thousands of sufferers from
even total deafness have had their hearing per-
manently restored by taking B. B. B. for catarrh.
B. B. B. gradually removes the catarrhal deposit from
the air passages, thus making the nerves of the ear
respond to the symptoms of approaching deafness
and catarrh. B. B. B. never fails to remove ringing in
the ears or head noises in a few weeks' time. If deaf or
hard of hearing try Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.).
It may be the very remedy your system needs.

OUR GUARANTEE.—Take a large bottle of
Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) as directed on label,
and when the right quantity is taken a cure is
certain, sure and lasting. If not cured your money
will promptly be refunded without argument.

Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) is

Pleasant and safe to take. Thoroughly tested for 30

years. Composed of Pure Botanic Ingredients, it

Strengthens Weak Kidneys and Stomachs, cures

Dyspepsia. Sold by all Druggists, \$1. Per Large

Bottle, with complete directions for home cure. Sample

Sent Free by writing to Botanic Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Describe your trouble, and special free medical advice

to suit your case, will be sent in sealed letter.

Don't Get Wet!

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE

SLICKER

MADE FAMOUS BY A REPUTATION

EXTENDING OVER MORE THAN

HALF A CENTURY.

TOWER'S garments and

hats are made of the best

materials in black or yellow

for all kinds of wet work.

SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED IF YOU STICK TO

THE SIGN OF THE FISH.

A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

TOWER CANADIAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

"Vitches" Have No Monopoly.

The fun poked at Russian names is

rather provincial. Many English proper

names must seem quite as odd and mirth-

provoking to the Russians as theirs do

to us. No Russian would write "Chol-

mondeley" and pronounce it "Chumley,"

or "Beauchamp" and call it "Beechem."

And what would a Russian of cultivation

say to the Virginia family "Enroughy,"

who pronounce it "Darby"?—Mexican

Herald.

Fame in Sight.

"I am going to introduce a bill,"

said the newly elected member of the

legislature, "that will make me fa-

mous."

"What is it?" queried his friend.

"It is a bill," explained the new

member, "to compel each cigarette

smoker to consume his own smoke."—

Chicago Daily News.

Trifling Difference.

"I'm a little in doubt," said the doc-

tor. "Your trouble is either one of two

things."

"What are they?" asked the patient.

"Appendicitis or the stomach ache.

However, we can settle that."

"How?"

"By cutting you open, of course."—

Chicago Post.

What Did She Want?

Mrs. Newlied—I want to get some

salad.

Dealer—Yes, ma'am. How many

heads?

"Oh, goodness! I thought you took

the heads off. I just want plain chicken

salad."—Philadelphia Ledger.

SOAKED IN COFFEE

Until Too Stiff to Bend Over.

"When I drank coffee I often had sick

headaches, nervousness and biliousness

much of the time but about 2 years

ago I went to visit a friend and got

in the habit of drinking Postum.

"I have never touched coffee since

and the result has been that I have

been entirely cured of all my stomach

and nervous trouble.

"My mother was just the same way,

we all drink Postum now and have

never had any coffee in the house for

2 years and we are all well.

"A neighbor of mine, a great coffee

drinker, was troubled with pains in her

side for years and was an invalid. She

was not able to do her work and could

not even mend clothes or do anything

at all where she would have to bend

forward. If she tried to do a little

hard work she would get such pains

that she would have to lie down for

the rest of the day.

"I persuaded her at last to stop

drinking coffee and try Postum Food

Coffee and she did so and she has used

Postum ever since; the result has

been that she can now do her work,

can sit for a whole day and mend and

can sew on the machine and she never

feels the least bit of pain in her side

in fact she has got well and it shows

coffee was the cause of the whole

trouble.

"I could also tell you about several

other neighbors who have been cured

by quitting coffee and using Postum

in its place." Name given by Postum

Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each pkg. for the famous

little book, "The Road to Wellville."

BEPPU

By
FRANK H. SWEET

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

THE driver of the big van pulled
sharply on his reins, calling an
angry: "Out of the way, there!" as he
did so. Then he leaned forward, cutting
down savagely with his whip. But his
hissing tip only curled harmlessly
through the air, as the driver knew it
would. Beppo's mocking, defiant eyes
had been watching him, as they had been
watching imminent collisions on all
other sides, and when the tip circled to-
ward him he dodged adroitly, just
enough to let it hiss by. However, his
backward, mocking glance and jeering
call were accompanied by a slight turn
of his wrist which served the push cart
far enough to allow the big wheels to
pass.

Beppo was well known on Elizabeth
street, to the policemen and hackmen
and street vendors, as well as to the
dray and van drivers, and though they
all scolded him and tried to chastise him
for his impudence and recklessness, not
one of them but had a secret respect for
his hardihood and sturdy independence.

Now, at 15, he owned a push cart,
while many of his older competitors only
rented—and his push cart, in the morn-
ing, was always well stocked with good
fruit. And besides this, in one way and
another, he had picked up a crude
knowledge of reading and writing.

But, save the toddlers, he had no
friends. He did not want any. And as
for sympathy, looked or expressed, well,
that was worse than the most vicious en-
mity. He would have none of it. The
world had cuffed and kicked him through
his early years, and perhaps he now
meant to retaliate. In spite of his 15
years, he was no larger than a properly
developed boy of ten or 12.

So now, as he dodged and twisted and
wormed his push cart through the tele-
scoping traffic, jeering and yelling de-
fiance at the drivers, and even perhaps
showing open violence, there was no
friendly glance toward him save those
of the two or three urchins who, even in
this confusion of wheels and horses' feet,
had found and were following him.

Two policemen stood near. One of
them shook his head.

"That boy ought to be run in, not only
for his own sake, but for the street's,"
he said. "He's a menace to everybody,
and a bad example in recklessness for
the other boys. I don't see how he got
under those horses' heads without hav-
ing his cart smashed and himself, too."

His companion smiled. "You've only
been on this beat a month, Delehey," he
returned, "and I've been here seven
years. That boy was here when I came,
and he's been taking chances like that
all the time, and never a smash yet. I'm
thinking it's not so reckless as it looks
to us."

"All the same he's a tough case," per-
sisted the first speaker, "and it would be
a good thing for even a street like this if
he was off."

"He's tough, all right," readily, "and
a bad example in recklessness to the other
boys; but I've got a good deal of respect
for Beppo. Things have gone
tough with him, and that's had a good
deal to do with making him what he is.
And I've noticed that his recklessness is
always in the way of trade. I've seen
him dodge and twist his cart through
as bad a jam as the street ever had, just
to sell a few oranges to an old customer
he saw on the other sidewalk. He'll do
anything for a trade, and in spite of being
so little. Wouldn't wonder if he sold
twice as much as any other push
cart man on the street."

There was a sound of altercation
among the push cart men lower down the
curb, and the policeman started in that
direction, the last speaker dropping a
few cents upon Beppo's cart as he
passed and picking up a banana.

The next day they were at almost the
same place, watching a thickening con-
fusion of vehicles that threatened a jam.
Beppo's cart was close by, alongside the
curb, and he was carrying on a brisk
trade.

Suddenly he turned from a prospective
customer, glancing sharply out into the
street. Then, with a wild bound and
scramble that carried him almost under
a pair of prancing horses, and across the
very tongue of a slow-moving carriage,
he was in the midst of the turmoil of ve-
hicles.

Both policemen sprang forward, but
for a moment could not see what he was
after. Then a truck passed, and they
saw a child, scarcely more than a baby,
standing motionless and bewildered. On
all sides were interlocking vehicles,
and horses' legs were thundering upon
him and horses' eyes glaring at him. The
child turned in one direction and
another, then screamed and sank upon
the ground, hiding its face.

Then another truck came in between,
but not before they saw Beppo grasp the
child from the very wheels of a van and
swing it up to the arms of the driver,
and then, because his keen watchfulness
was momentarily drawn from himself,
he was forced back under the wheels
from which he had saved the child.

The policemen were in the street now,
forcing horses back upon their haunches,
shouting to drivers, and enforcing com-
mands with their clubs. When they
reached Beppo they thought he was dead.
But after being carried to the sidewalk,
while they were waiting for an ambu-
lance, he opened his eyes and struggled
half to his feet.

"What you looking at me so for?" he
demanded, roughly. "I'm all right. Get
out the way and let me go to my
cart. I'm losing trade," and again he
tried to raise himself, only to fall back
with white, drawn face. But not a groan
came from his lips.

"Say, what's the matter?" he asked,
as soon as he had regained strength
enough to speak. "What you all stand-
ing 'round for?"

"We're waiting for the ambulance,"
one of the policemen answered, gently.
"What for?"
"To take you to the hospital."
Beppo studied him searchingly.
"That's where they cut people up," he
said, steadily.

"Where they cure people,"
"Where they cut them up," the boy
persisted. "I know a man who went
and had his hand cut off."

"Perhaps he'd have died if they
hadn't cut it off. Wouldn't you rather
lose a hand or foot than die?"

There was a quick, indrawn breath.
But that was the only sign of emotion
Beppo showed.

"Can I come back to-morrow if they
cut off my hand or foot?" he demanded.
"Of course, it'll hurt, but I don't care
for that."

"No, not to-morrow—not for several
weeks, I'm afraid. But if all goes well,
you'll come back some time. Can we do
anything for you?"

Beppo did not answer for some min-
utes. His gaze left them and sought his
push cart.

"I s'pose you'll have to take care of
that," he said, presently. "The fruit
won't keep, of course, but maybe you
can sell it to somebody for half price.
And there's another thing. You know
where I live?"

"No."
Beppo's gaze wandered again until it
found a very small boy peeping at him
with frightened eyes from behind a by-
stander. It was one of his old friends.

"Hello, Swipesy," he called, forcing a
sudden gaiety into his voice. "Don't
you look so scared, boy, I'm all right."

Then to the policeman who had bought
fruit from him: "Swipesy'll show you
where I live. He knows. He stayed
with me once. You'll sort of look out
for my folks till I get back. I'll pay you.

The cart'll sell for something, and then
there's the fruit, and I've got ten dollars
saved up in the boys' bank. You keep
count of every cent you spend," sharply,
"cause I'll pay. There's the am-
bulance now, I s'pose," as a wagon drove
up rapidly, turned, and then backed to
the curb. "Well," his voice still steady,
"I'm all ready. Sorry I can't take you
to ride with me, Swipesy, but 'twouldn't
be any fun for you."

As soon as he was off duty the police-
man went with Swipesy to Beppo's home.
What he saw he reported to the com-
panion of his beat the next day.

"Seven sick boys," he snorted, in or-
der to keep his voice steady. "and three
of 'em cripples, and the oldest not over
ten. One cripple told me he'd been with
Beppo ever since he could remember. And
I called that boy a young miser! Seems
like he's been picking up weak and
sick boys and taking care of them
just like an old maid gathers up cats,
and he commenced when he wasn't much
more than a baby himself. Maybe he
was remembering his own hard start."

The policeman walked on by his friend's
side for a half block in silence, then ad-
ded: "Bellevue, the department store man
on the next block, asked me about him
just now, and when I told all I knew, he
said for me to bring Beppo to him just
as soon as he got out the hospital, that a
boy with nerve and head like that had
no business to be pushing a fruit cart
round. I wouldn't wonder if he tried to
get Beppo into something better."

Two months later Beppo presented
himself at the police station. On leg was
gone, and he was hobbling on a crutch
which the hospital had given him, but
which he declared he should pay for.
"My cart here?" he asked.

"Yes."
"Well, I want to sell it for what I can
get and let it help pay you folks up. I'll
pay the rest before long. I don't s'pose
the cart's rotted down from old age yet,"
gayly.

"What do you intend to do, Beppo?"
"Don't know," sturdily; "something.
Of course," glancing down at the crutch,
"I can't push a cart and things like that.
S'pose likely I'll hire a hand organ, and
stand round corners. Even one-legged
folks can turn cranks."

"Would you like to do that?"
"Course not," sharply. "Don't ask
so many fool questions. It's a case of
must."

"I s'pose so," calmly. "But there's
a man up the street who wants to see
you first, Beppo. We'll talk about the
cart and hand organ afterwards."
Mr. Bellevue was busy at his desk when
they were shown into his office, but he
turned promptly, and held out his hand.

"Glad to see you, Beppo," he said,
briskly. "I want to talk with you about
your future."

"Don't want any help, if that's what
you're after," anticipated Beppo.
"Certainly not. I never help a boy
who wants help," imperturbably. "This
is pure business. You can be of use to
me, but you must have training first.
What could you do by yourself with but
one leg?"

"I've got arms."
"Yes; but arms are badly handicapped
without legs to assist them. No, no, my
boy; you must depend on your head
now. And from what I've heard your
head is fully as good as your arms and
legs ever were, only it must have a whole
lot of training. Four or five years of
schooling—or training—and you will be
ready for work that will pay you better
than your push cart ever did. And in
the meantime I will look out for the
boys at your home."

"Can I pay for it all?" suspiciously.
"You've got to. I will see to that. I
shall keep account of everything, and
will make you sign notes to pay me in
full, with five per cent. interest. And
you must pay me as soon as you get to
work. But I warn you, the four or five
years' training will be very hard work,
so hard that many boys would shrink
from it. Do you think you can stand it?"

All the suspicion left Beppo's face.
"Course," he answered, shortly. "I'm
not afraid of any kind of work. I'll do
that training, and I'll do it the best I
can. Only you must let me sign them
notes just as fast as they're owed. And
mind! If I sign, I'll pay."

"PE-RU-NA," A VALUABLE PREPARATION,

WRITES DR. KEMBALL.



Most of the Ailments Peculiar to the
Female Sex are Due to Catarrh
of the Pelvic Organs.

Rachael J. Kemball, M. D., 334
Virginia St., Buffalo, N. Y., is a
graduate of the University of Buffalo,
class 1884, and has been in the prac-
tice of medicine in that city since
then. She writes as follows:

"My conviction, supported by
experience, is that Peruna is a valu-
able preparation for all catarrhal
affections. I have taken one bottle
of Peruna myself and just feel fine.
I shall continue to take it."—Rachael
J. Kemball, M. D.

Peruna has cured thousands of cases
of female weakness. As a rule, how-
ever, before Peruna is resorted to several
other remedies have been tried in vain.
A great many of the patients have taken
local treatment, submitted themselves
to surgical operations, and taken all
sorts of doctor's stuff, without any
result.

The reason of so many failures is the
fact that diseases peculiar to the female
sex are not commonly recognized as be-
ing caused by catarrh. These organs
are lined by mucous membranes. Any
mucous membrane is subject to catarrh.
Catarrh of one organ is exactly the
same as catarrh of any other organ.
What will cure catarrh of the head will
also cure catarrh of the pelvic organs.
Peruna cures these cases simply because
it cures the catarrh.

Most of the women afflicted with pel-

vie diseases have no idea that their
trouble is due to catarrh. The majority
of the people think that catarrh is a dis-
ease confined to the head alone.

This is not true. Catarrh is liable to
attack any organ of the body; throat,
bronchial tubes, lungs, stomach, kid-
neys and especially the pelvic organs.
Many a woman has made this dis-
covery after a long siege of useless treat-
ment. She has made the discovery that
her disease is catarrh, and that Peruna
can be relied upon to cure catarrh
wherever located.

If you do not derive prompt and satis-
factory results from the use of Peruna,
write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a
full statement of your case, and he will
be pleased to give you his valuable ad-
vice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of
The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus,
Ohio.

GALL-STONE CURE.

Is a Certain Remedy FOR GALL STONES.

Stones in the Kidneys, Stones in the Urinary Bladder or Uterus, Biliousness, Sallow Complexion, Jaundice, and All Stomach Troubles resulting from Biliousness. Write for particulars. If your druggist does not keep it, order from us. M. C. RAY, 4100 N. Grand St., St. Louis, Mo.

DRUGGISTS—WE SUPPLY YOU DIRECT.

A Particular Lady.

Mrs. Nurich—I think I'll take this watch. You're sure it's made of refined gold.

Jeweler—Certainly.

"Because I do detest anything that ain't refined."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"What's the row over on the next street?" "Only a wooden wedding."

"Wooden wedding?" "Yes, a couple of Poles getting married."—Princeton Tiger.

Tom—"Are you on the water wagon now?" Dick—"No; but my milkman is."

—Town Topics.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, May 4.

CATTLE—Common \$3.00 @ 4.00